Total Honesty

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Total Honesty

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will and Molly have agreed to be totally honest with each other. A week before the wedding, he tells her about Hannibal.

Notes

I couldn't find any mention anywhere of Molly's dead husband's name, so I've called him Bob.

To be clear - this fic is Molly/Will in a sexual situation in body, but maybe not in mind... And Molly is ok with that.

Will knew the only way this was ever going to work with Molly was to be as open and honest with her as she had been with him. It was what they had agreed on.

As soon as they met she'd laid it all out - being a single parent, her dead husband, what she was and wasn't looking for. And what she wanted was basically an insta-family. She wanted someone to fill the void and preferably it needed to be someone she enjoyed spending time with. She wanted a ready-made husband and Will needed a fresh start.

And truth was, they quickly became great friends. And they liked each other well enough physically, enough that sex was enjoyable any time either of them were horny.

There was only one problem with the open and honest policy, Will had a huge secret. One currently locked up in the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

"Will?"

He looked up to see Molly in the doorway to their bedroom. He was sitting in their bed fresh from the shower with just a towel around his waist. He had been reading by lamplight, but now was completely distracted.

She was wearing cream lace underwear, with a sheer green robe over the top, leaning seductively against the frame with an amused expression. Teasing like a clown rather than a seductress, as was Molly's way.

He smiled, "Wally get to Kyle's okay?"

"He sure did," Molly replied, sauntering into the room.

Will set his book on the side table and watched her make her way over, climb onto the bed and crawl up to him.

And part of him wanted to reach out to her, but he hesitated.

It was a week until the wedding, and he still hadn't told her everything.

"What is it?" Molly asked softly, before continuing in a slightly more jovial tone, "not feeling frisky?"

"It's not that," Will deflected.

"Then what?" Molly asked gently as she moved, sitting next to him on the bed. The concern in her expression made his heart hurt. He wasn't sure they would ever really love each other the way they both wished they could, but he never wanted to cause her any hurt.

He knew what she was thinking. That he was having second thoughts about the wedding. And really he should, they both should. It was a transaction, in a sense. And they were both okay with that on one level.

And Will didn't want to consider the level on which he wasn't okay with that. The level on which part of him would always belong to someone else and this felt like a betrayal of everyone involved.

"Tell me," she said sternly, fixing him with a hard look that said she understood he hadn't been fully honest. "Who is she?"

Will chuckled and shook his head, looking down at his hands folded in his lap.

"Not a she," he replied.

If Molly was surprised by that declaration, she didn't show it, instead she simply nodded and, after a moment's hesitation, said, "it's that man. The serial killer you told me about."

Will swallowed, frozen. He had mentioned Hannibal, it had been impossible not to when they'd been getting to know each other. He'd had to be honest with her whether he wanted to or not, as there was always the chance she would see a gossip column or something other nonsense most likely written by Freddie Lounds. He'd had to tell her because he had to tell

her that he had been arrested, locked away in a hospital for the criminally insane, but that his name had been cleared. He'd had to tell her because she needed to understand the job he used to do, the nightmares that still kept him up at night.

He'd had to tell her all that, and to do so, he had to tell her about Hannibal.

"I guess I knew," she continued, her voice low, her eyes also cast down. "The way you… damn, I'd love some to talk about me with the sort of passion you did about him. I thought at first it was some sort of nemesis thing. Like Sherlock and Moriarty, begrudgingly impressed by him, even if you hated what he was doing. But," she shook her head. "It was more than that, wasn't it? I get you were obsessed with each other, and there's love in that. He meant something to you I never can," she held up her hand when Will went to interject. "And that's okay. Whatever he is, whatever he means to you, don't take offence when I say I'm glad we can't connect on that level."

Will nodded, solemn even as a smile tweaked at the corner of his mouth.

"Can we still have this, Will? This life we'd planned. Or do we need to call it quits now?" She asked with no anger.

Will shook his head, "I don't want to call it quits. I just needed you to know. To know…" he wasn't sure how to finish the sentence and a strange noise escaped from his throat when she continued for him--

"That you're in love with someone else. That you'll never get over him the same way I'll never get over…" Her voice trailed off this time and Will took her hand. He'd known he was always going to play second fiddle to the memory of her dead husband, Bob. And now she knew she was doing the same. Quid pro quo.

"I'm sorry," Will muttered.

A tear rolled down her cheek and she wiped it away before letting out a light laugh and shaking her head. "No need to be sorry. I'm glad you were honest and we both know where we stand. You'll never be my dead husband, I'll never be your serial killer obsession guy. And I think I'm okay with that. As long as you are."

Will chuckled and nodded, moving his hand up to wipe the moisture from her cheek with his thumb.

"We both know what this is," he replied.

Molly nodded. *Solace. Companionship.*

Will leaned in and pressed a kiss lightly to her lips. She opened to him immediately, her arms coming up around his neck and pulling him to her as she began to recline back into the pillows.

"Will," she stopped him, pressing a hand to his chest. "I… sometimes I think about Bob when we…"

Total honesty, then. Will nodded his head, not surprised.

“I know,” he reassured, stroking his fingers up into her hair. “It’s okay, I’ve never minded.”

She nodded and let out a breath, “I figured, but… that’s not what… I just wanted to say that if you ever... If you needed to… I don’t mind if you think of *him*. Or…” she swallowed.

Will chuckled nervously and shook his head, “what are you…”

He didn’t try to stop her when Molly rolled away from him and crawled over her side of the bed to her dresser. He had a fair idea what she was doing and wasn’t surprised when she rolled back towards him with a bottle of lube and a basic, purple dildo.

Will let out a shuddering breath.

“Do you… I could…” Molly started tentatively, her cheeks heating. And then she laughed, shaking her head. “Blushing like a virgin.”

“Me or you?” Will asked, his own face burning hot.

Molly giggled, and leaned in to kiss him. The kiss was soft and slow, a moment of calm before she pulled back again.

“Have you done this before?” She asked, quietly.

Will shook his head, “fingers…” he admitted.

“Do you want to?”

He took in a slow breath and let it out even slower as he nodded.

“Okay,” Molly smiled gently, “relax.”

The mood was changed, quiet now and sensual as she slicked her fingers with lube and began to kiss him again. They lay side by side and Will moved his legs, the towel falling away as he spread them up and out so that she could reach him all the easier. Her thumb stroked over his balls as she moved fingers down and pressed them to his puckered hole.

“Relax,” she encouraged again, rubbing his hole in tight circles as they kissed. “Close your eyes,” her voice broke over the words. “I don’t mind.”

He knew what she meant, and knew that she meant it. And when he closed his eyes, Hannibal was there.

Open for me, Will. Let me in.

His breath hitched as one finger breached him. In that moment he relaxed, letting the pressure in as he pushed down on it.

“Yes…” Will muttered, squeezing his eyes tight shut as he felt Hannibal’s hand moving between his legs. “There please…”

His words were breathless as the finger sank deeper.

When the finger pulled back, it was joined by another, both pressing into him. Slicked as they were, it was tight, it felt good. Will shuddered.

Take me into you, Will.

“Please…” Will rasped as the fingers began to move more freely, pumping in and out of him slowly, at first.

“More?” Molly asked, her voice jarring, intruding on his fantasy. Perhaps she realised because she then soothed him with kisses and continued to finger fuck him, adding a third until he started to moan.

He kept his eyes shut as the fingers were pulled back, playing with his rim a little as he arched and tried to take them back inside.

Patience, darling.

Then the fingers were gone and Will squeezed his eyes even tighter shut, anticipating what was to come as he heard the snap of the lube cap.

He tried to calm his breathing, but even so he drew in a sharp breath when he felt the warm, wet and blunt end of the dildo’s head.

Relax… let me in…

There was movement on the bed, he felt it dip and then a hand on one inner thigh. Between his legs completely now, he resisted the urge to wrap his legs around--

“Unff…” Will grunted as the cock pushed inside him, slow but unhesitating until it was as far as it could possibly go. It felt so good, better than he’d even imagined. He felt full and stretched, sensations he’d not known he could crave until now.

When the cock pulled back and then pushed back in, it was quicker. Not quite knocking the air out of Will’s lungs but enough to make his own cock jump against his belly and dribble with precome.

He gasped and arched, writhing as the thrusts became faster and harder.

“Oh god, oh… fuuuck…” Will choked on his words as the dildo met his prostate, a sensation beyond any he had felt before.

Is this what you want?

He could practically feel Hannibal’s breath on his ear, whispering the words.

Will grunted in response, but the words were a tease. Because Hannibal knew what he wanted.

“Wait, wait…” Will panted, coming down from his increasing high until the cock slowly stopped and then pulled out.

“Wh--”

Will tried to block out the words as he turned over, tucking his knees under him.

“God, please, please… fuck me…” Will’s words were desperate. And he had to stifle a cry as the cock fucked back into him. Not a slow slide but a quick, hard thrust that rocked Will forward.

He grunted and moaned, enjoying the sensations that were building to something more. His cock hung heavy between his legs, but he knew if he touched it, it would be all over.

“Hannibal,” he muttered the name, barely audible even to himself.

His cock ached, his ass ached, his heart ached and every part of him cried out for release.

The bed dipped again, a push at one of his legs, and then the slap of flesh against his own as he was fucked.

He knew, of course he knew, that Molly had hold of the dildo against her own groin and was fucking him. He knew that it was the sound and sensation of her flesh slapping against his own.

But in his mind the picture was clear. Hannibal was fucking him. Hannibal was driving his cock hard and deep into him until he was ready to--

“Ahunngggg, fuuuuckkkk… Hannibal!” Will cried out and then sobbed as his climax suddenly hit. His balls drew up and his cock throbbed as he began to come, spilling all over the blankets below him as he was fucked through it all.

The fucking only stopped when he began to shake and started to collapse onto the bed.

That was when it withdrew and he lay down in his own release, clutching the pillow to his face and crying.

He sobbed uncontrollably, unable to hold any of it in even as reality returned to him and Molly lay against him, holding him.

He knew he should feel terrible for her sake, but he didn’t. Instead he felt the most awful mixture of comfort and loss. No, not loss, not even regret, because he knew where Hannibal was, Hannibal had made sure of that. It was something else.

Anticipation, maybe. A long, drawn out devastating anticipation as his mind convinced him he would one day have this. Because he had to. As much as what he had with Molly was good for the both of them, perhaps what they both needed, it had the sense of being

temporary. Maybe two years, maybe ten. He wasn't sure, he just knew that one day he would be reunited with Hannibal. It was inevitable. It had to be.

He calmed his breathing and dried his face on the pillow, even as Molly wrapped herself around him and he took comfort in it. In her. Because for now this was good, she was good. She was amazing, really.

Especially, he realised, when she muttered next to his ear, "anytime you want this again, you only need ask."

And if Will were totally honest, he would want it. He'd *need* it, again and again.

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